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Where the Spies Are . . Have Been, or Might Be

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WASHINGTON, Nov. 13 — In this city whose streets are clogged with tourist buses nosing out monuments and memorabilia, there are no public excursions for the cognoscenti of the cloak and dagger.

Which is not to say one cannot put one together on one's own.

For all its rowdy debates about balancing budgets, simplifying taxes and arming outer space, Washington also serves, more discreetly, as an espionage capital, perhaps the espionage capital of the world.

Yet some of this discreet activity is not all that easy to hide. According to some estimates, the dozen intelligence agencies of this Government alone employ about 200,000 people, most of them technical staff people in Washington. There is no telling how many employees of other countries are engaged in spying on the United States, or on one another.

Some of it is there to be seen just for the looking.

Games All Over Town

The Central Intelligence Agency, sources say, plays spy-training games all over the capital all the time. Trainees practice identifying people in crowds and following them surreptitiously. The target could be a man crossing Connecticut Avenue at K Street carrying a rolled-up copy of The Financial Times, or a woman in a blue bonnet at Dupont Circle with a visible pack of Salems.

Moreover, glimpses of the clandestine world occasionally come into wide-open view, as when the reputed K.G.B. defector, Vitaly S. Yurchenko, no doubt bringing glee to his spymasters in Moscow, announced just days ago that he had changed his mind and wanted to go home.

Mr. Yurchenko slipped away from his C.I.A. "handler" at an all-night continental Georgetown restaurant, Au Pied de Cochon, and made his way a half-mile up Wisconsin Avenue to the new Soviet Embassy compound and thence into the nightly news.

The compound, not incidentally, sits atop a high Washington hill. And sprouting from the compound is an espionage sign of the times: a whole farm of antennas to eavesdrop on Washington area communications and to send and receive coded messages.

Any tour of Washington spy spots should not overlook the suburbs, which also figure in the hugger-mugger of capital espionage. There are spies out there, and spy hangouts and spy rendezvous points.

John A. Walker Jr., who the Government says ran a network supplying Moscow with detailed information about military communications systems, was apprehended last May after reportedly dropping a large brown grocery bag filled with secret Navy documents at the base of a white utility pole on a country road in Poolesville, Md., about 25 miles from the capital.

The C.I.A.'s 20-year-old headquarters, which was designed as a college campus, borders the Potomac River on a sylvan site at Langley, Va.

It is surrounded by high fences and armed guards. But anyone hopping on the right Metro bus can get inside, because several lines include that stop. Just don't try to get off the bus if you don't have an identification card or an appointment.

Charley's Place

A few miles from Langley, in McLean, another Washington bedroom community, there are some restaurants and bars popular with Langley operatives, past and present.

One is called Charley's Place, though, appropriately enough, it had a different name until recently: the Joshua Tree. No one will say who Charley is or what long-buried case the tree might have symbolized.

"What's our secret?" the restaurant asks on one of its table menus. Then it answers: "Charley's Place always starts with the very finest ingredients, including a daily variety of fresh fish."

As for Washington spies and Washington spying from the past, there is, for starters, Harvey's, a downtown Washington restaurant at 1001 18th Street.

Back in 1950-51 Harvey's was where Harold (Kim) Philby, then the top British secret service (MI6) officer in Washington, had lunch weekly with James Angleton, then the head of counterintelligence for the C.I.A.

Mr. Philby was later identified as the "third man" who tipped off the British Foreign Office "moles," Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, that the net of evidence against them was tightening. They fled to the Soviet Union to escape arrest, and later Mr. Philby himself fled.

In his memoirs, "My Silent War," Mr. Philby described Mr. Angleton as "one of the thinnest men I have ever met and one of the biggest eaters."

"Lucky Jim!," Mr. Philby wrote. "After a year of keeping up with Angleton, I took the advice of an elderly lady friend and went on a diet."

John Scali, an ABC News commentator, made use of several Washington restaurants and the coffee shop in the basement of what was then the Statler Hotel (now the Capital Hilton) in the backstage diplomacy with a Soviet Embassy counselor, Aleksandr Fomin, that is credited with ending the Cuban missile crisis in 1962.

Mr. Fomin, who had been a diplomatic source for Mr. Scali, was actually the senior K.G.B. officer in Washington.

Mr. Scali recalled recently that on Friday, Oct. 26, 1962, he got an urgent call from Mr. Fomin to meet for lunch that day at the old Occidental Restaurant on Pennsylvania Avenue next to the Willard Hotel. Over escargots he proposed to Mr. Scali what became the terms for settlement of the crisis: that Moscow would remove the missiles under United Nations inspection if President Kennedy promised not to invade Cuba.

They then met again at the Statler coffee shop, where Mr. Scali brought back the answer from Secretary of State Dean Rusk that the United States was indeed much interested in this formula.

"It was about 7 P.M. in the deserted coffee shop," Mr. Scali recalled. "We were both drinking black coffee. Fomin assured me that Rusk's answer, which I had relayed verbally, would be transmitted immediately to the highest levels of the Soviet Government."

On the following Sunday evening, after a potentially explosive East-West confrontation had been avoided, Mr. Scali recalled that he and Mr. Fomin "celebrated" with a good Chinese dinner at still another restaurant, the Yenching Palace at 3524 Connecticut Avenue, just up from the National Zoo.

At Les Trois Mousquetaires

In the late 1940's, at 820 Connecticut, across from the park at Farragut Square, was another restaurant that figured in a rare confrontation between American and Soviet secret types: Les Trois Mousquetaires, long since torn down to make way for a new office building.

Walter L. Pforzheimer, the retired general counsel of the C.I.A. who is its unofficial historian, recounted the little-known incident the other day in an interview in his Watergate apartment, where he maintains an unusual library of 10,000 books, all about spies:

Two Russian fliers, Pyotr Pirogov and Anatoly Barsov, had defected in 1948. Like the K.G.B.'s Mr. Yurchenko, Mr. Barsov decided sometime

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